




Augusta


Tr.  5 10

1. Shout to the Lord, and let our joys Through all the na - tions run; Ye western skies, re - sound the noise Beyond the
2. Thy pow'r the whole creation rules, And on the star - ry skies Sits smiling at the weak de - signs Thine envious


T.  8 3

3. Their secret fires in ca - verns lay, And we the sac - ri - fice; But gloomy caverns strove in vain To 'scape all -
4. In vain the busy sons of hell Still new re - bel - lions try, Their souls shall pine with envious rage, And vex a -


B. 


Tr.  15 20

1. ri - sing sun. Thee, mighty God, our souls admire, Thee our glad voices sing And join with the ce -
2. foes ___ de - vise. Thy scorn derides their fee - ble rage, And with an awful frown Flings vast con - fu - sion


T.  8

3. - sear - ching eyes. Their dark designs were all reveal'd, Their treasons all be - tray'd: Praise to the God that
4. - way ___ and die. Al - migh - ty grace defends our land From their malicious pow'r; Then let us with u -

B. 

Tr.  25

1. - les - tial choir To praise th'e - ter - nal King, To praise th'e - ter - nal King.
2. on their plots, And shakes their Ba - bel down, And shakes their Babel down.

T.  8

3. broke the snare Their curs - ed hands had laid, Their curs - ed hands had laid.
4. - ni - ted songs Al - migh - ty grace a - dore, Al - migh - ty grace a - dore.

B. 